A Poet's Turn of Luck.

When six years ago Joaquin Miller went to California and bought a tract of land a mile east of Oakland people laughed, writes E. W. Bok. And for a number of years the poet himself almost believed that the people were right. Miller bought at that time what was probably one of the most unpromising pieces of property in California. The tract consisted of 100 acres, and nearly all of it lay on a steep and stony mountain side. The eccentric poet went at the cultivation of his new possession with a will. And he did mostly all of his work alone. Soon the property began to show the hand of progress. But it required work of the hardest kind. And during all this time the land was fast proving, even the poet almost believed. the worst type of an "elephant." Now, however, the land is almost a park of the most picturesque order. On it the poet has planted 23,000 fruit trees, hundreds of olive trees, and miles of rare roses. Springs were introduced; trout brooks were stocked; walks and drives were made. Water is plentiful on the place, and that counts for everything on a Californian place. The poet is now, I am told, beginning to see the rewards for his labors. He ships his roses to Denver in the winter, and four weeks ago one of his first shipments came to the New York market. The roses are of the finest specimens, command good prices, and from this branch of his possessions alone it is not unlikely that Joaquin Miller may soon acquire a neat little income. His place is in the direct growing line of Oakland, and the city is gradually approaching the poet's habita-tion. He does but little work with the pen, but devotes nearly all his time to the further cultivation of his place and the development of the industries possible from its products .- New York Re-

Dyspepsia Preventative.

An experienced physician is credited by the Western Rural with the following gratuitous prescription, faithful use of which, he avers, would do away with dyspepsia eleven times out of twelve:
"People not habitually great eaters

are guilty of serious indiscretion in the time and manner of taking food. Half the people I know have violent attacks of indigestion because they persist in cating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They seem never able or willing to realize that there are times when the system is in no fit state to grapple with a full meal. They come in tired and hungry, almost ravenous, not thinking that maybe a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric irritation, then sit down to a table and overtax the already strained vital powers. As a rule no person should eat when very hungry. The wise thing to do is to drink a cup of water with three or four tablespoonfuls of milk in, sit down five minutes and then begin slowly-to eat and eat very sparingly."

At Minorca the fisherman simply dives to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he picks up as many pearl oysters as he can carry and brings them up to the boat.



Four Physicians Failed

A Running Sore Five Years Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured

"Taunton, Mass., Jan. 9, 1893. " C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"I was troubled with a running sore on my ankle, the doctors pronouncing it salt-rheum. For 5 years (during which time I employed 4 different physicians), I received very little, if any, benefit, and it continued to increase in size. I then commenced taking Hood's Sarsa-

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

at the end of 2 years I was completely cured, and have had no trouble with it since. SIMEON STAPLES, East Taunton, Mass.

Heod's Pills ovre liver ills, sick headache, jaun die, indigestion. Try a box. 25 cent.

CUKES RISING : BREAST :

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it had accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best renedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone.

Mas. M. M. ERUSSEER,
Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,

"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immedaite relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sleepers Awakened."

Text: "Now is Christ risen from the dead not become the first fruits of them that siepi,"-I Corinthians xv., 20.

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music an! the flowers, I give you a Christian salutation. This morning Russian meeting Russian on the stre ts of St. Petersburg halls him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answere! by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Irelan!, to this very day, there is the superstition that on E ister morning the sun dances in the heavens, and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I ben i over one of the filies and I hear it say! "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toli not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the thorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall the not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Brail them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Brail them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and His religion that brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenince pretending you are better than I am because of your lugubriousness, you cannot cheat me. Pretty case you are for a man that professes to be more than a conqueror. It is not religion that makes you gloomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a welding as in a burial, just as much religion in a mile as in a burial, just as much religion in a smile as in a tear.

smile as in a tear.

These gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lend money, for I hever see them again. The woner came to the Savior's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Savior's tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how labyrinthine the mauso-

the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how labyrinthine the mauso-leum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterned the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of re-union. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be returned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting—waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

My friends, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has arisen so His people will rise. He—the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He—"the first fruits of them that siept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the country graveyards, where your beloved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave, and while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ the first fruits of them that slept."

If I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander.

It I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Cresar, Philip, Napoleon I. Abl my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all of these—a cruel, a ghastiy conqueror. He who rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scepter shall be broken and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus "the first fruits of them that slept." Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries.

You come to me this morning an I say, "If the hodies of the desired in the resurrection there are a great many mysteries.

Many mysteries.

You come to me this morning and say,
"It the bodies of the dead are to be raised,
how is this and how is that?" And you ass
me a thousand questions I am incompetent
to answer, but there are a great many
things you believe that you are not able to
explain. You would be a very foolish man
to say, "I won't believe anything I can't
understand."

to say, "I won't believe anything I can't understand."

I find my strength in this passage. "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You can go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn. When he was in China, his foot was amputated. He lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated. He is buried to-day in Greenwood. In the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into dust and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable. An animal may eat the vegetable; men eat the animal. In the resurrection that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come or and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of Go?'s word, "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum, where silence has reigned a thousabd years, that voic must penetrate.

All along the sear route from New York to Liverpool at every few miles where a steamer went down departed spirits coming back hovering over the way. There is where

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool at every few miles where a steamer went down departed spirits coming back hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perishel, Foundat last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering—bundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash!

where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goss Westminster Abbey, and the poet; and orators come forth; wonderful ming ling of gool and bad. Crash! go the pyramids of Ezypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence save as you hear the grinding of a wheel or a clatter of the horfs of a procession passing into the cemeters. of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea.

Bitence.
But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across mountain and ing rolling, rolling, and terrific shutocean, the earth will give one terrific shut-der, and the graves of the dead will beave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, an I the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all age.

all conditions, gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true as prefigured by this Easter morning. Christ, 'the first fruits of them that slept,' Christ rising a promise and a prophecy of the rising of all His people, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?' I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mis

ln the first place, f remark, in regard to your resurrected body, it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin hat not marrel and defaced it. Take the most exquisite s'afur that was ever made by an artist and only it here and only it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would

be gone.

Weil, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations, but in the morning of the resurrection the herting the infelicities of past generations, but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a loziretto as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. Here you will see the perfect band after the knots of toil have been until from the knot des. There you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body.

In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human

In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face, but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years, but in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the moon lay sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outfaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the right-ous, these resurrected faces, turn toward the gate or look up toward the throm, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the boson of everlasting day! On, glorious resurrected body!

rected body!

But I remerk also, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an immortal body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has sail as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The bloot vessels are canals taking the brea istuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their prey under the tenement, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but, blessel be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal.

mortal.

No malaria in the air, no cough, no neu-No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispinsary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision, but health, immortal health! On ye who have aches and pains indescribable this morning—Oh ye who are never well—Oh ye who are lacerated with physical distresses, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal! I will go further and say, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a powerful body. We walk now eight or ten miles, an I we are fatigued, we lift a few hundred poun is, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run or fly or climb or doige, because we are incompetent to meet it; we toll eight or ten hours vigorously, and then we are weary, but in the resurrection we are to have a body that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven, I suppose

not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year at noonlay is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grant projects of mercy for other worlds, Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth to be unnounced. Great songs to be learned and sting. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth His children. Pienty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comto rest, but to talk over with some old com-rade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to snoulder. Sometimes in this world we feel we would

like to have such a boly as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish to sleep, or take any recreation, or to rest, or even to take fool—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired.

It is characteristic of the human body in this condition. We must get tired.

in this condition. We must get tred. Is it not a glorious thought that after a while we are going to have a body that will never get weary? O., glorious resurrection day. Gladiy will I fing aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at Thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. ding I shall have a body that never wearies. That was a splendid resurrection hymn that was sung at my father's burial:

So Jesus slept. God's dying Son's Passed through the grave and blessed the bed. Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers, while you tell of a risea Christ and tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I hear! of a father and son who among

others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The lather held on, but the son after a while lost

and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after a while lost his hold in the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed be had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought shoot from the rigging in an exhausted state and laid in a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy.

Ob, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be when we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us. Coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the lovel ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will and let this brilliant scene of the morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne.

fore the throne.

This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitue that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Blessed anticipation!

My son' anticipates the day, Would stretch her wings and soar away To aid the song, the palm to bear And bow, the chief of staners, there.

FATAL FOOLHARDINESS.

A Worker at the World's Fair Slides Down a Roof to His Death.

Harry Flamian, a staff worker at the World's Fair, met a frightful death. He had completed some decorations on the dome of the Agricultural Building, 180 feet high, and in a spirit of bravado made a slide of thirty feet down the sloping roof, expecting to strike on the trough surrounding the base,

He gained too much momentum and was precipitated through the skylight in the valley of the roof in the floor, 150 feet sheer Gown through the air. He struck head first.

THE condition of the spenge crop is of absorbing interest.-Troy Press. THE poker-player does not use visiting cards when he is calling. - Pica-

MISS PORTER-Did you notice the blank look of that gentleman who sat down on his silk hat? Mr. Murray-No; but I'm glad you didn't hear the blank words he used .-Princeton Tiger.

VIRGINIA NOTES.

Parts of the State.

TRAIN hands on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad discovered a white man lying upon the ground a short distance from the track in Chesterfield county, eight miles from Petersburg, apparently asleep. Upon investigation, however, it was found that the stranger was dead with an ugly wound back of the head. Close by was a heavy and knotty stick covered with blood, with which the fatal blow had been given. The murdered man must have been knocked senseless by the blow and recovering from the shock and finding that he was in a dying condition, turned over upon his back, for it was in this position that he was found. He had but one arm and appeared to be twenty-one years of age, and was neatly dressed in a black sack coat and dark pants. Nothing was found on his person by which he could be identified. A white tramp, named James H. Deaton, was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the murder, but he was afterward dis-BISHOP A. M. RANDOLPH, of the Southern Diocese of Virginia, has decided to locate in

Norfolk. A strong effort was made by the Episcopalians of Petersburg to get him to

The present oyster law went into operation September, 1892. The revenues from it since that time amount to \$25,000, which is nearly double the amount received for the preceding year under the old law, and several counties have not yet made their reports. It is estimated that after all these are in the receipts under the new law will reach \$45,000. Considering the severity of the recent winter it is thought that these figures will be quite

MRS. ANNIE LAMPLER, of Alexandria, comnitted suicide by taking two ounces of laudanum, death ensuing in a short time. Despondency caused by ill-health was the cause of the deed.

Miss Jennie Ltoyd, a young woman living a few miles south of Bedford City, while sitting in front of a fire fell asleep. Her clothing became ignited and she was so hadly burned that her recovery is impossi

THE fine residence of Mr. T. W. Harvey, of Spring Mills, Campbell county, was destroyed by fire with its contents. The barn and other outbuildings, five or six in number, were also destroyed.

Duning a terrific thunder-storm Willie and George, aged thirteen and seventeen, sons of James Crane, who lives near Fall Creek, nine miles from Danville, were instantly killed by lighting. They were in a barn cutting provender for horses when the storm came up. Lightning struck the barn, and the boys' neek was found to be broken and their bodies badly bruised and blackened.

AT Montvale, a village on the Norfolk and Western, ten miles east of Roanoke, Newton H. Hazlewood, Jr., son of Newton H. Hazlewood, Sr., assistant auditor of the road, was run over by a train. In company with some small boys the young man was on his way from Bedford City to Montvale on a freight train, which passed his home at a rapid rate of speed. In jumping off he was thrown under the train, and both feet were so badly mashed that it was necessary to amputate them at the ankle joint. The injured youth is eighteen years old and is resting comfort-

Two attempts at robbery were made iii Fredericksburg, one at the residence of Mrs. Medora Little, where the burglar entered by forcing open the back door. The ladies screamed for help, and the robber became alarmed and fled, having secured only a small quantity of silverware, most of which he dropped in his flight. The other attempt was at Mrs. Bradford's where the thief threatened the life of a chambermaid who was sitting up with a sick baby. The maid rushed for a pistol and the robber made his escape.

A county medical society has been, organfized at Charlottesville, with Dr. W. C. N. Randolph president. The State Medical Society meets in October. THE directors of the Henry County Bank,

at Martinsville, which closed its doors several weeks ago, assisted by other prominent citizens of the town and county, have organized a new bank. The authorized capital is to be \$100,000. The arrangement contemplates an immediate settlement of the tangled affair of the Henry County Bank, and the prompt payment, dollar for dollar, of all liabilities to depositors and other creditors.

MRS. AMISTEAD TAYLOS, who lived near 'Oakwood," Fauquier county, was stricken with paralysis several months ago, and has been in feeble health ever since. Last Wednesday, during the absence of the family, she attempted to get something from the mantlepiece in front of an open fireplace and her clothing took fire, and before assistance could reach her she was so badly burned as to cause her death a few hours afterward.

THEODORE MITCHELL, a miller, met a horrible death at his mill, near Dumfries, Prince William county, a few days ago. As he was passing a running shaft a bolt on the shaft caught in his boot straps, his leg was wound around it, the bones being crushed, and his body was then drawn between the shaft and a post near by, and the life crushed out. He gasped two or three times after being dis-

MRS. BEALE, one of the lady assistants of the Virginia board of World's Fair managers, turned in to Colonel Buford, the presilent, \$1,700, which she had collected from entertainments given in different parts of the State. She was assisted by the ladies auxiliary, and some of the money was obtained

by the sale of souvenirs. COL. C. R. BARKSDALE'S farm-house at Brown Hill," in Halifax county, was burned to the ground.

THE Virginia board of World's Fair managers have set apart August 9th as Virginia day at the Columbian Exposition. ALEXANDRIA is to have a new hotel, to be

located on the corner of King and Washing-

A COLUMBUS STATUE.

Coming on a Spanish Ship and to be set Up in Central Park in May.

One of the Spanish ships of war coming over to this country to take part in the naval parade, will bring to New York Sunoi's statue of Columbus, which is to be erected in Central Park by the Genealogical and Biological Society. The statue will cost fifteen thousand dollars, and is to be paid for from a fund raised by subscriptions of \$100 each.

The monument will be unveiled some time in May and it is hoped to have the presence on that occasion of the Duke of Verague, a descendant of Columbus, who will then be in this country, the guest of the Government.

A STRIKE of 1000 carpenters "was scheduled to take place" at the World's Fair grounds, but less than a hundred men quit work. The leaders attributed the failure to a misunderstanding, but the real reason seemed to be that the rank and file weakened at the firm front presented by the Exposi-

The Latest News Gleaned From Various

Greece Soon to be an Island. The scheme for cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Corinth has had its periods of trouble and depression like other and greater enterprises of the same character, but it appears to be now rapidly approaching completion. The concession was originally granted by the Greek Government in May 1881, to General Turr, with whom was associated M. de Lesseps. After the original capital had been absorbed and the operations for some time suspended, the operations were taken up by a new company, who in 1890 entered into a contract with a firm who undertook to complete the works on March 10, 1893, under a penalty of \$20,000 per menth for any delay after that date; but, unfortunately, about this time last year a waterspout passed over the works, flooding the excavations. The disaster necessitated a slight extension of the term, but the contractors now promise that a large steamer will go through the capal on the twenty. third of April next. Great efforts are being made to render the system of lighthouses adequate. The Corinth Canal, which will have cost from first to last \$13,750,000, will be lit by electricity, with two powerful lights at each end and a row of lights through its entire length. -Loudon News.

Housemaid-"Oh, Professor, Pr fessor, just think, I have actually swallowed a rin." Professor (look-Professor (looking up from his book)-"What! you've swallowed a pin? Well, here's an-other one for you."-Fliegende BlaetBoiling Water in an Envelope.

"My wife and I," says a traveling man, "were once in a hotel where we couldn't get any boiling water. After we had discussed the situation my wife asked me if I had an envelope in my satchel. I got one out, when she told me to fill it with water and hold it over the gas jet. I hesitated, but finally did it, and expected to see the envelope blaze up every moment. But it didn't blaze. The envelope took on a little soot but that was all. The water boiled in time, and the envelope was as good as ever when the experiment was at an end. I don't know the chemistry of the pro-cess, but try it yourself and see if it will not work."—Chicago Herald.

THE moon is most silvery when it is on the quarter stretch.

The two bringes of Xerxes had 366 and 314 boats respectively.

Many persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilts the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of tile, and cures mylaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

Love your enemies, and you won't ha any trouble about treating them right.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral wa-ters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box. One of the best of housekeepers is the woman who hates dirt.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Mala-ria, Biliousness and General Debillty. Gives strength, aids Diveston, tones the nerves— creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

Some shepherds pay the most attention to the fattest sheep.

The Argument Used

Y the makers of the second-class baking powders to induce the dealer to push them off on Royal consumers is that they cost less than Royal and afford the dealer much more profit.

But you, madam, are charged the same price for them as for the absolutely pure Royal, which is perfectly combined from the most highly refined and expensive materials. The lower cost of the others is caused by the cheap, impure materials used in them, and the haphazard way in which they are thrown together.

Do you wish to pay the price of the Royal for an inferior baking powder, made from impure goods, of 27 per cent. less strength? If you buy the other powders, insist upon having a corresponding reduction in price.

City of Toledo.) State of Ohio.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Loank & Cherry Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence,

this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889. LUCAS CO., O. A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and

mucous surfaces.

TESTIMONIALS:

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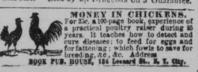
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